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tored society to something like the simplicity from which it had fallen. The ridiculous etiquette, the hollow courtesies, and the ceremonious frivolities, were abated by a stern hand, and with them went much that could be spared both of costume and manners; the dresses, caped and cuffed, laced lapped and lapped, frogged, frowncd and frittered, gave place to the plain and simple attire of republicanism; and Nature, taking the pencil from the hand of Fashion, delineated scenes of heroism and glory in a style of simplicity real and unaffected. The first step of France was in her own blood; but the second was on the heads of her enemies; the march of her victorious armies was to her painters a new inspiration; and Napoleon and his marshals took the place of saints and madonnas; the one painted nearly as well as the other fought, and continued longer in the field."

RAFFAELLE'S "VIRGIN AND CHILD."

ROME has been a watchword in the world. There, from their mountain throne, the grave of barbarism, the cradle of civilisation, the Cæsars ruled all lands and shouted forth their proud defiance to all nations and kindreds of the earth. There, philosophy and poetry developed all their acuteness and refinement, and while in solemn tones one gave forth its deep speculations and rules for useful life, the other clothed its thoughts in a vesture of enchanting loveliness and imperishable beauty. There, the arts and graces waited on man's bidding, and reared for him the golden house and temples of snowy marble, and with all their magic power made his life a very vision of delight. Italy was the mistress of the world; Rome was the wonder of Italy. And when these classic days had passed away, when the sun of their glory had sunk in night, and all that remained to tell of the imperial majesty of Rome were ivy-mantled ruins or disjointed fragments of its artistic greatness—great in their fall—beautiful in their decay—the admiration of succeeding ages—the models for all time! there again revived the love of the beautiful, which was not dead, but sleeping; and from the profound ignorance of the dark ages, Italy was the first to recognise the value of art.

From the study of the antique—art trophies won from time—the Roman painters improved in knowledge of design, greatness of style, beauty of form and justness of expression, and they have left behind them, as monuments of their genius, and as a legacy to the world, all that is valuable in the higher departments of Art; so that Rome has become the centre of attraction to which European painters have directed their attention.

And foremost stands Raffaele, a great man towering above his fellows, the prince of painters, at once the admiration and the envy of his contemporaries, the cynosure of all eyes, the painter for all men and for all time. His whole life was devoted to Art. He was cradled in a studio, the palette and the brushes were his toys, his earliest lessons were in painting, his childhood and youth were consecrated to it, he rose higher and higher in the path of glory, surrounded by aspiring disciples, dwelling in the greatest splendour, until at thirty-seven years of age his life was ended and his body was laid out in his painting-room in state, and his own picture of the Transfiguration placed near him. The great incomparable man of his time, distinguished among painters by the appellation of the Divine.

Some people have been disappointed when they have looked upon the pictures of Raffaele; and a story is related that a person of acknowledged taste and judgment visited the Vatican with an eager desire to study the works of Raffaele; but passed by those very compositions with indifference which were the objects of his inquiry and curiosity, till he was recalled by his conductor, who told him that he had overlooked what he sought for. This suggests an important inquiry. How is it that the works of Raffaele strike some minds so little at first sight? Is it not, it has been said, that he imitates nature so well, that the spectator is no more sur-

prised than when he sees the object itself, which would excite no degree of surprise at all; but that an uncommon expression, strong colouring, or odd and singular attitudes of an inferior artist, strike us at first sight, because we have not been accustomed to see them elsewhere. Raffaele may be compared to Virgil—sublime, easy, natural, and majestic. There cannot be a stronger test of excellence of any performance, either in poetry or painting, than to find the surprise we first feel to be not very powerful; and yet to find, by more frequently conversing with it, that it not only supports itself but increases continually in our esteem and leads us on to admiration.

The Abbé Winklemann, after his treatise on sculpture, especially as exhibited in the Apollo Belvidere, says, "Go, and study it; if you see no peculiar beauty in it to captivate you, go again; and if you still discern nothing, go again, and again, and again; for be assured it's there." This may as truly be said of all the pictures of the great Raffaele.

Our engraving, from one of this master's designs, represents what has been so often and so beautifully represented, "The Virgin and Child." The original picture is in the possession of Rogers, the poet and banker, and the cartoon or rough drawing, upon large paper, which served as the design for the picture, is numbered among the treasures of Mr. Colnaghi. It was discovered by that gentleman in a very dilapidated condition, but with great care and attention has been completely restored. From that cartoon our engraving is exactly copied. The design is simple, but its very simplicity constitutes its greatness, and exhibits the power and skill of Raffaele. To enumerate his works would require a volume; to point out their whole merits, a genius as mighty as his own.

THE PAINTER OF PISA.

PART THE THIRD.

DAY dawned faintly at the windows—Marcello turned towards the door. The monk slept on. The picture was hidden in darkness—the morning came on apace, and with it would arrive the busy throng, the funeral rites, the priests and senators. He paused no longer, but unlocked the door. The morning air blew freshly on his brow; he wrapped himself closely in his mantle, and fled hastily away.

Still day crept slowly over the skies; the grey dawn came over the picture, and dimly revealed the angels and the evil spirits. The coffin was empty, and the monk slept on.

In a dark and meanly furnished room, in an obscure quarter of Amsterdam, an engraver was bending over his solitary work. A single lamp, by whose light he laboured, cast its rays upon his haggard countenance, his grizzled beard, his thin and trembling fingers, his attenuated form, his neglected dress, and the plate upon which he was employed with minute and laborious industry. It was a cold and wintry night. A thick fog pervaded the damp and narrow streets of the unwholesome city, and penetrating through door and window, hung a murky canopy around the ceiling of the fireless room, and filled it with damp and darkness. The engraver shuddered, coughed a hollow echoing cough, and then strove to warm his frozen fingers in the breast of his doublet.

"Cold!" he muttered, "cold and dreary, as my heart! Oh, Pisa! oh, my sunny Italy! why did thy son depart from thee? But the punishment of fraud has fallen upon him. Penury and sorrow cling to him to the last! Famous and unknown, honoured and neglected, revered and withal toiling and despised, he lives an exile in the dark land and chill servitude of the stranger. Lives, and is yet dead to thee and to his glory!"

Marcello rose abruptly and approached the casement. The faint beams of the oil-lamps in the street below struggled feebly through the dense atmosphere; not a star was to be seen in the black sky; not a footfall rung upon the pavement. Sounds of distant mirth came at intervals from the shipping in the neighbouring canal, and the great bell of the cathedral,



DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

VIRGIN AND CHILD.